And our induction full of proſperous hope
Hot. Lord Mortimer, & coſin Glendower will you ſit down?
and vncle Worceſter; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.
Glen. No, here it is, ſit Coſin Percy, ſit good Coſin Hotſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh t he wiſheth you in heauen.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of firie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward,
Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers cat had but kitten ed, though your ſelfe had neuer bin borne.
Glen. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was borne,
Hot. And I ſay the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.
Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh! then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrang eruptions, of the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſgrowne Towers. At your birth
Our grundam earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.
Glen. Coſin, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſing: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heardes
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extr
And all the courſes of my life do
I am not in the roll of common
Where is the liuing, clipt in with
That chides the banks of Englan
Which cals me pupill, or hath rea
And bring him out, that is but w
Can trace me in the tedious waie
And hold me pace in deepe exp
Hot. I thinke there's no man
Ile to dinner.
Mor. Peace coſen Percy, you
Glen. I can call ſpirits from the
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can a
But will they come, when you do
Glen. Why, I can teach you co
Hot. And I can teach thee coo
By telling truth. Tell truth and ſh
If thou haue power to raiſe him,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power
Oh, while you liue, tell truth and
Mor. Come, come, no more of t
Glen. Three times hath Henry
Againſt my power, thrice from t
And Sandy bottomde *S*euerne ha
Bootles home, and weather beate
Hot. Home without bootes, a
How ſcapes he agues in the diue
Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſh
According to our threefold orde
Mor. The Arch-deacon hath
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuern
By South and *E*aſt, is to my part
All weſtward, *W* Vales beyond t
And all the fertile land within th
To Owen Glendower: and dear
The remnant Northward, lying o

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